ISSN 0712-7774

CEREBUS

GOING HOME

32

$2.25US • $3.50 CANADA • £1.50 UK

263
FEB

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FINCA VIGIA, SAN FRANCISCO DE PAULA,

21/7/54

[Scott]

I am sorry you and Mary had words on the edibility of
For your information the tenderloin is very good eating
the texture of veal and I wish we were going to have it
e who tried it enjoyed it . The first time we ate lion
eluctant to try . But when they smelled how good and appet
ean , white fine textured meat breaded and browned , it w
All the big predators are good eating . Both grizzly and
xcellent meat , rather like pork , but you tire of them
fat . Puma is good eating and you must know how good racc
t dict , is . Pork is good to eat and you
I know that people eat rattle-snake and that it
because my stomach is repelled by the idea . But if you
reds of times any carnivorous animal that is worthless fo
Almost the only animal that is worthless but
very handsome water buck . They are clean feeders
strong tasting . Zebra is excellent eating . Eland is
at followed by Impalla and gazelle . But Ge
od. None of these , however , are pleasanter nor better f
on . I mean , is as good as pork .

You know that Mary having just spent five m
ight have been annoyed at you not taking her word a
now that I looked with very little favor on your attemp
adly of all our friends in Kenya and other Colonies
you r feelings . I mean son Raleigh is a pelt
We were both very touched about how kind you
when we had the plane trouble . We were both, too, surpriz
. I could not very well be expected to send engraved
a decoration ceremony at the Club Nautico Internacion
I have to tell you privately that Mary
were behaving very oddly at the party . She said tha
you you kept shouting at people over her head and that
was the matter with you . Maybe you were pa
The piece , it is my duty to tell you
first place I do not fight at Diplomatic parties no m
I dislike very much being pulled in on a controversy
But don't write columns about what you would have done
I had said something that I did not say . That is
Ed try to act your age or the best part o
what you have on your conscience . Nor can I ever t
and undeserved things you wrote about Mary and me
You couldn't help pick a fight with me
the less chance you have . This is on a par with
for a long time . You can't have always lost out
carnivorae . But for your own personal inform
Mary went to that party because she
crying to be gay, brave and jolly no matter how
plenty beat-up in the two crashes . You burn in
for the nerves . Then she had to nurse me with a
etc. Then the last ten days she had been in Gu
and putting her father who is dying the hard w
She might owe you an apology for call
God knows) or a BF Colonial or
you had no business writing
party at which th

CEREBUS

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GOING HOME

BOOK ONE
Sudden Moves
(Cerebus 232 to 239)

BOOK TWO
Fall and the River
(Cerebus 240 to 250)

BOOK THREE
Form & Void
(Cerebus 251 to 265)

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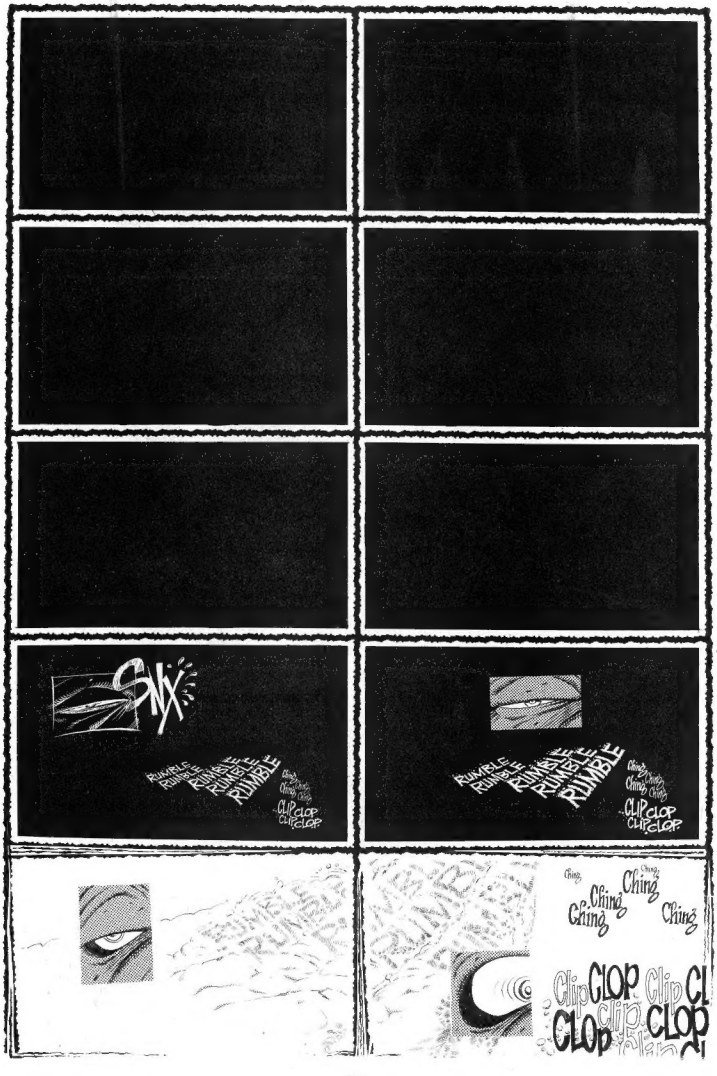
SMX
RUMBLE
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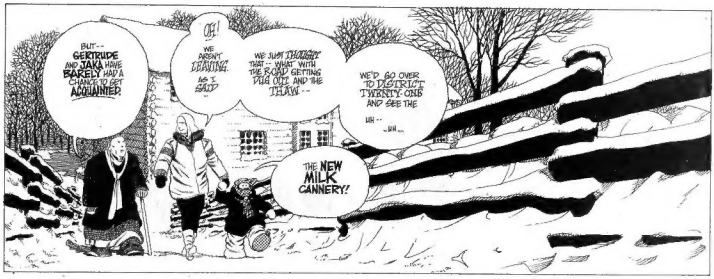
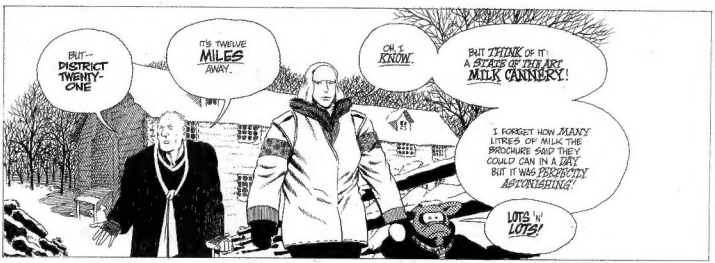
RUMBLE
CLIP CLOP
CLIP CLOP
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
CLIP CLOP
CLIP CLOP
Ching
Ching
Ching
Ching
Ching
Ching
Clip
CLOP
Clip
CLOP
CLOP
CLOP

Ching Ching Ching Ching Ching Ching Ch
RUMBLE
CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP
JAKA.
JAKA WAKE UP!
I LOVE YOU.
I'M FEELING MY PERIOD
NAY!
THE HORSE PLOW!
IT JUST WENT BY!


BUT-- GERTRUDE AND JANA HAVE RARELY HAD A CHANCE TO GET ACQUAINTED!
OH! WE AREN'T LEAVING, AS I SAID!
WE JUST THOUGHT THAT-- WHAT WITH THE ROAD GETTING PLOWED OUT AND THE TRAIN--
WE'D GO OVER TO DISTRICT TWENTY-ONE AND SEE THE
UH--
--UH...
THE NEW MILK CANNERY!

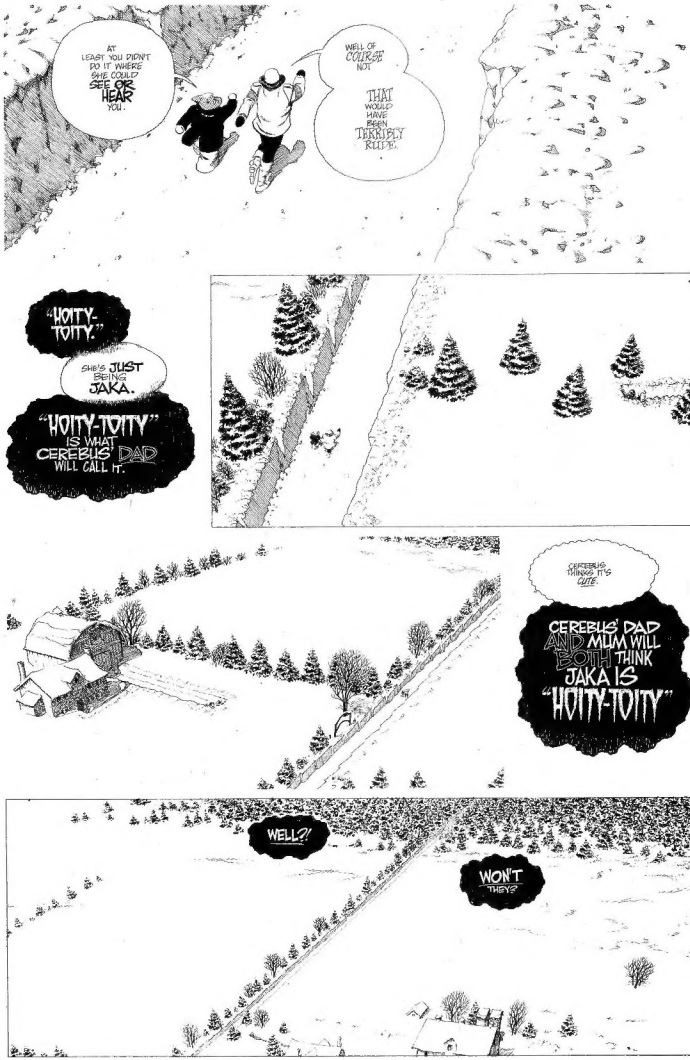
YES! THE NEW MILK CANNERY!
AS SOON AS I READ THE BROCHURE I SAID TO CERBERUS: WE REALLY SHOULD GO!
OH AYE!

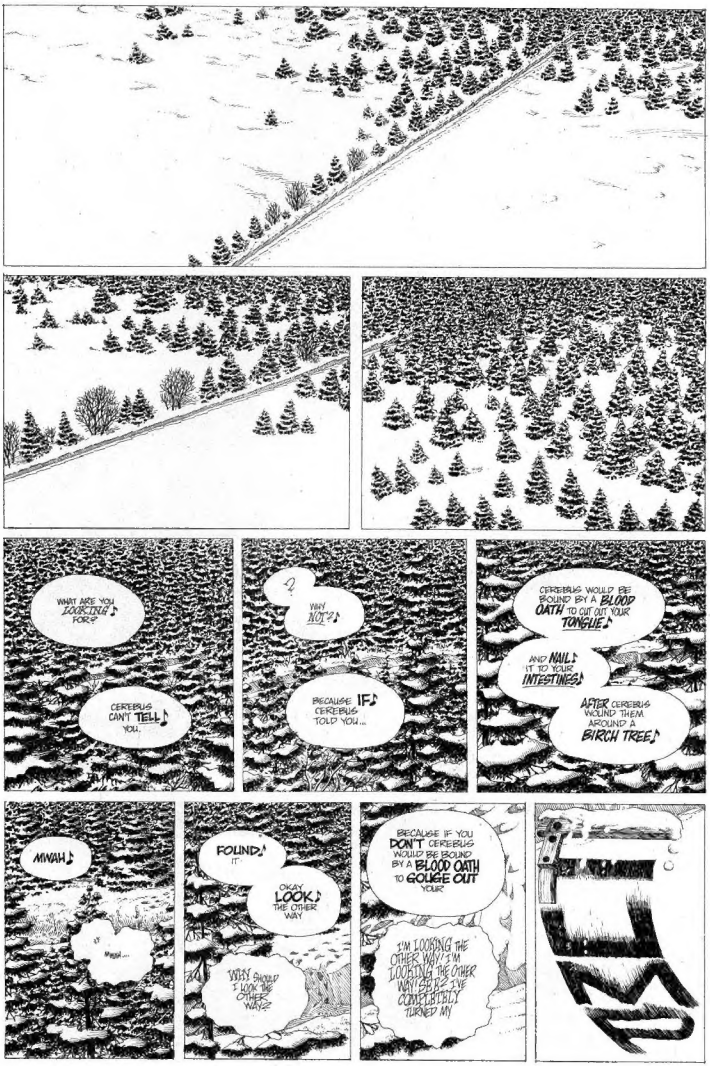

BUT-- DISTRICT TWENTY-ONE
IT'S TWELVE MILES AWAY.
OH, I KNOW.
BUT THINK OF IT: A STATE OF THE ART MILK CANNERY!
I FORGET HOW MANY LITRES OF MILK THE BROCHURE SAID THEY COULD CAN IN A DAY BUT IT WAS PERFECTLY ASTONISHING!
LOTS 'N' LOTS!

GERTRUDE EARNESTLY REQUESTS
THAT YOU LEAVE YOUR COMPANION HERE!
THE SEARCH PARTY
OH YES!
HOW IS THAT COMING ALONG?
THUNT.

MOST SATISFACTORILY, GERTRUDE IS CERTAIN THAT THE SEARCH PARTY
WILL REACH THE LINE OF TREES BY EARLY TOMORROW MORNING.
I'M SURE WE'LL BE BACK LONG BEFORE THEN.
ANYWAY
PLEASE REMIND THEM: SHE'S A CLOTH DOLL ABOUT THIS BIG.
"MAGGIE," YOU SAID.
MISSY.
MISSY.
BUT...
WHEN THE SEARCH PARTY RETURNS FOR THEIR SUPPER
THEY WILL DIG THROUGH THIS PILE OF SNOW.
WOULD YOU NOT PREFER TO
DON'T BE SILLY, GERTRUDE
CEREBUS AND I JUST LOVE OUR EXCERCISE.
DON'T WE CEREBUS.
LOVE OUR EXCERCISE.
DISTRICT TWENTY-ONE IS—THIS WAY?
YES.
ABOUT TWELVE MILES

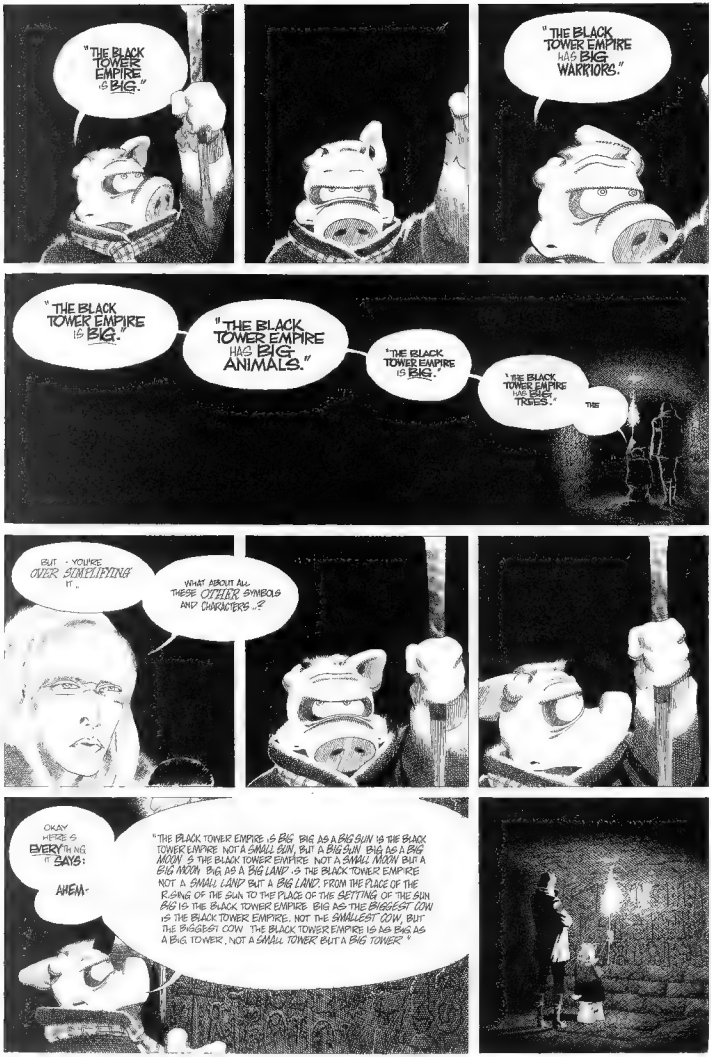
=SNIDE=
"HOW IS THAT COMING ALONG?"
CERBUS WAIT!
Ha.
Ha.
ON YOU.
GERTRUDE.
CIRINIST.
POOPIE-HEAD.
GERTRUDE CIRINIST = POOPIE-HEAD?
I DISLIKE BEING MEAN LIKE THAT
BUT REALLY UNPLEASANT PEOPLE MAKE ME VERY, VERY CROSS.


AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T DO IT WHERE SHE COULD SEE OR HEAR YOU.
WELL OF COURSE NOT.
THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY RUDE.
"HOITY-TOITY."
SHE'S JUST BEING JAKA.
"HOITY-TOITY" IS WHAT CEREBUS' DAD WILL CALL IT.
CEREBUS THINKS IT'S CUTE.
CEREBUS' DAD AND MUM WILL BOTH THINK JAKA IS "HOITY-TOITY"
WELL?!
WON'T THEY?

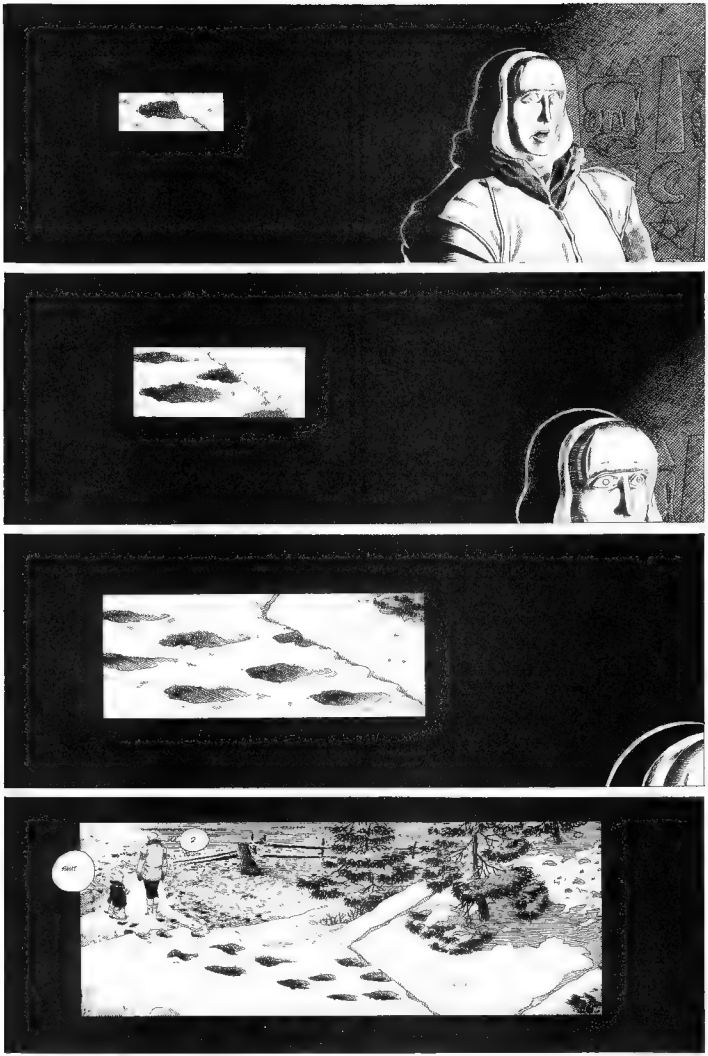

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?
CEREBUS CAN'T TELL♪ YOU.
WHY NOT?♪
BECAUSE CEREBUS TOLD YOU...
IF♪
CEREBUS WOULD BE BOUND BY A BLOOD OATH TO CUT OUT YOUR TONGUE♪
AND NAIL♪ IT TO YOUR INTESTINES♪
AFTER CEREBUS WOUND THEM AROUND A BIRCH TREE♪
MNAH♪
IS MNAH...
FOUND♪ IT.
OKAY LOOK♪ THE OTHER WAY
WHY SHOULD I LOOK THE OTHER WAY?
BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T CEREBUS WOULD BE BOUND BY A BLOOD OATH TO GOUGE OUT YOUR
I'M LOOKING THE OTHER WAY! I'M LOOKING THE OTHER WAY! BEEN I'VE COMPLETELY TURNED MY
THUD

BACK
YOU GO AHEAD
BRUSH
CEREBUS will COVER OUR TRACKS
HEH.
NOW, JAKA.
THE COUNTERWEIGHT ONLY HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN FOR A MINUTE OR SO...
BRUSH
BRUSH
BRUSH
BRUSH

EEEE!
EASY!
E ASY
THUM
BOOM
WHERE
ARK WEP
THE BLACK TOWER CATACOMBS.
DATING BACK HUNDREDS OF YEARS TO WHEN THEY TRIED TO CONQUER ISSHURIA...
THE FOOTHILLS OF THE GODS' FENCE ARE JUST RIDDLED WITH THEM
ALL OF THESE BRAINTIPPED HIEROGLYPHICS!
HAS ANYONE EVER TRANSLATED THEM?
(HEH HEH)
"TRANSLATED" THEM.
CEREBUS CAN READ THEM TO YOU AS WE GO ALONG IF YOU LIKE

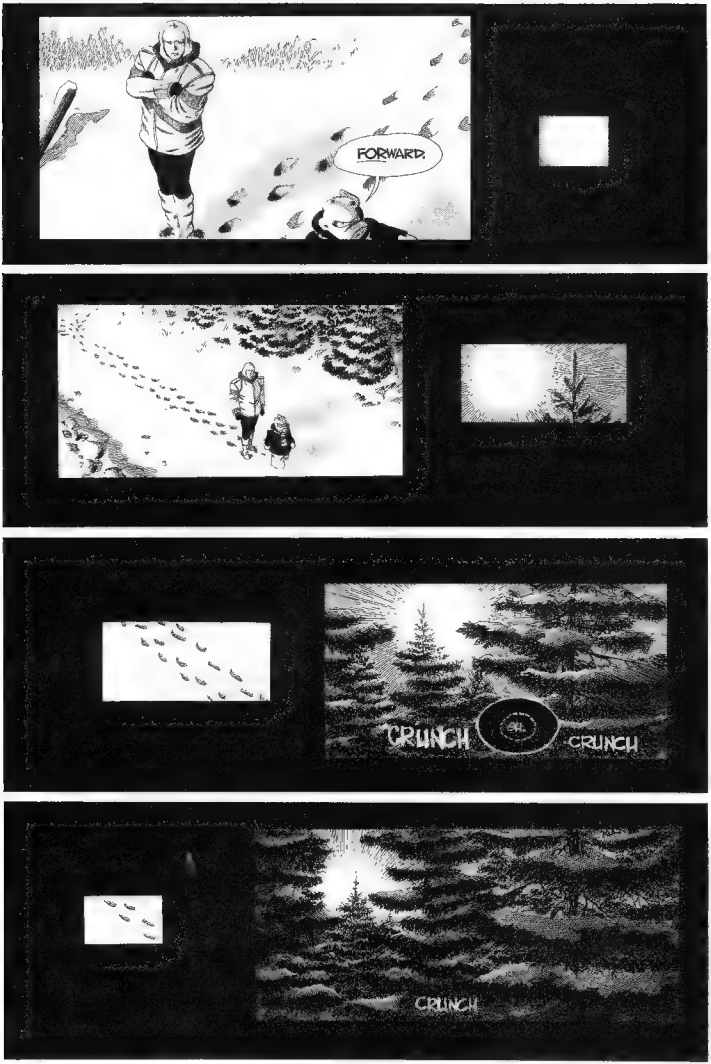

"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS BIG."
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE HAS BIG WARRIORS."
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS BIG."
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE HAS BIG ANIMALS."
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS BIG."
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE HAS BIG TREES."
THE
BUT . . . YOU'RE OVER SIMPLIFYING IT.
WHAT ABOUT ALL THESE OTHER SYMBOLS AND CHARACTERS . . . ?
OKAY. HERE'S EVERYTHING IT SAYS:
AHEM-
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS BIG. BIG AS A BIG SUN IS THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE. NOT A SMALL SUN, BUT A BIG SUN. BIG AS A BIG MOON IS THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE. NOT A SMALL MOON BUT A BIG MOON. BIG AS A BIG LAND IS THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE NOT A SMALL LAND BUT A BIG LAND. FROM THE PLACE OF THE RISING OF THE SUN TO THE PLACE OF THE SETTING OF THE SUN. BIG IS THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE. BIG AS THE BIGGEST COW IS THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE. NOT THE SMALLEST COW, BUT THE BIGGEST COW. THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS AS BIG AS A BIG TOWER. NOT A SMALL TOWER BUT A BIG TOWER."

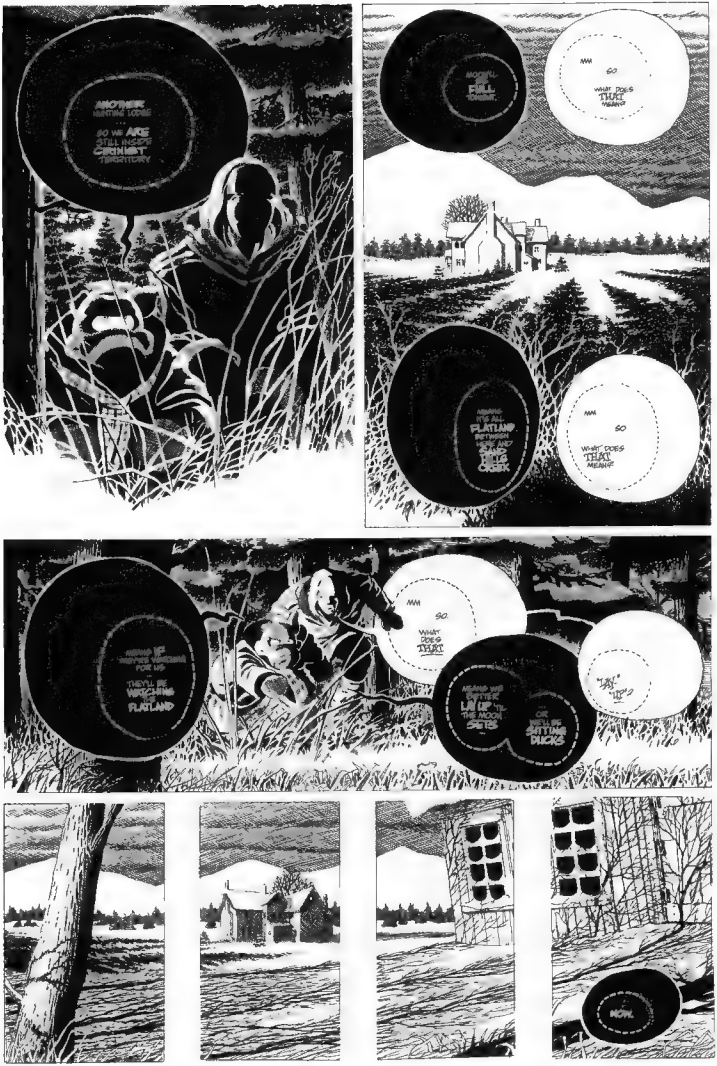
SO IF YOU WANT TO CALL "THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS BIG" ... OVER SIMPLIFYING IT...
I'M SURE THAT PROPERTY TRANSLATED MUCH OF IT IS MAGNIFICENT ANTIGUALCAN POETRY
TWITCH.
IF YOU REALLY THINK SO, AFTER WE GET SETTLED
... NOT RIGHT AWAY-- BUT AFTER WE GET SETTLED ...
CEREBUS Wow. GET BAD TO LEND YOU HIS BOOK OF BLACK TOWER SYMBOLS
... AND SEE ABOUT GETTING YOU SPECIAL PERMISS ON TO ENTER THE CATACOMBS
YOU COULD DROP OVER HERE ANY TIME AND
'DROP.' 'OVER.' 'HERE.' ? AHS
FROM... WHERE? ? CEREBUS PARENTS' PLACE
IT IS ABOUT TWO MILES FROM HERE AS THE CROW
YOU OKAY?
OF COURSE WHY DO YOU ASK?
FOR A SECOND THERE IT SOUNDED AS IF YOU SWALLOWED A CHICKEN BONE OR SOMETHING
HA HA HA HA
?

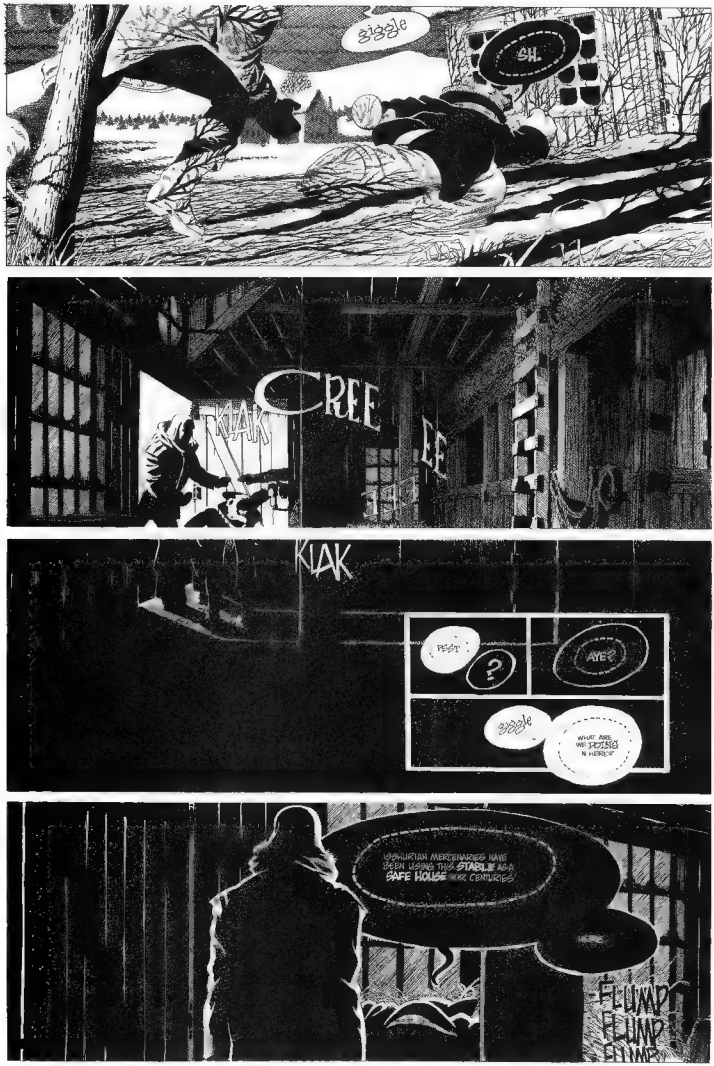

RIGHT
?

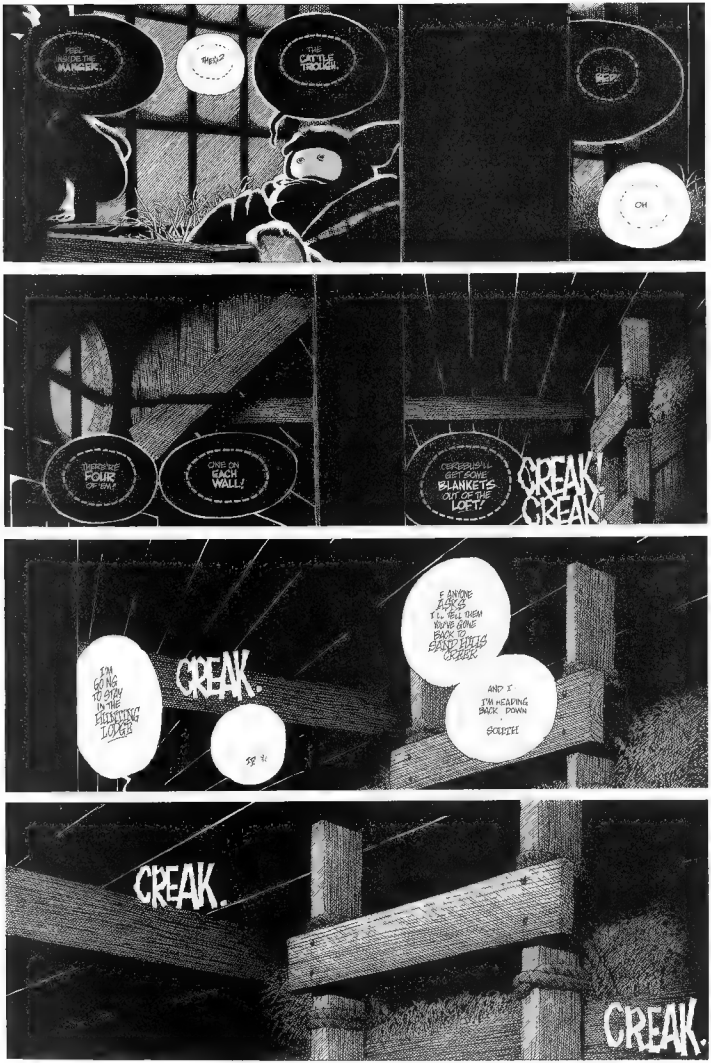
BAD NEWS.
OH
SO
SO THAT'S IT?
?
SAND HILLS CREEK
HAS BEEN
'HAS BEEN..'
WASHED AWAY!
!?!!
NAY!
HEH HEH
NAY NAY NAY

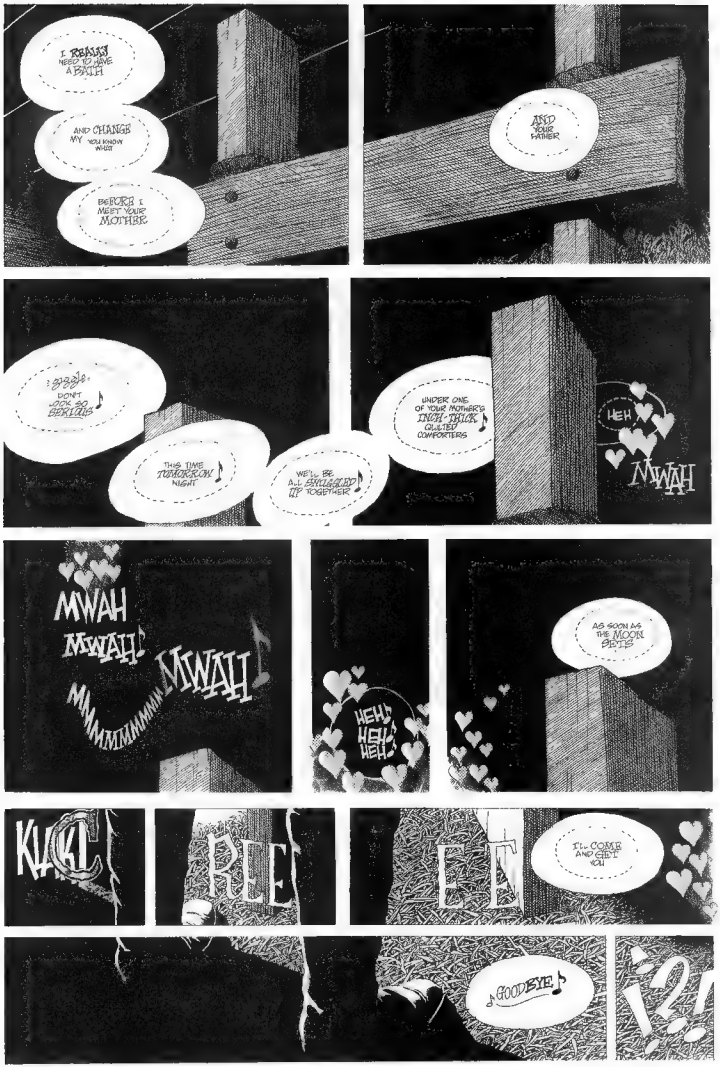
IT'S JUST THE SHORTCUT CEREBUS TOLD YOU ABOUT.
MUST'VE BEEN MORE RAIN THAN USUAL ON THE BAY OVER THE PAST SUMMER.
THE BAD NEWS IS ...
YES?
THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN MAKE IT TO CEREBUS' PARENTS' PLACE BEFORE NIGHTFALL.
OH!♪
ER...
I MEAN
OH, DARN IT.


FORWARD.
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH


ANOTHER HUNTING LODGE
SO WE ARE STILL INSIDE CIRCUMFLAT TERRITORY
MOSTLY FULL CIRCLES
MM
SO
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
MEANS IT'S ALL FLATLAND BETWEEN HERE AND THE LONG CIRCLE
MM
SO
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
MEANS WE PROTECTIONS FOR US
THEY'LL BE WATCHING FLATLAND
MM
SO
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
MEANS WE STILL LAY UP THE MOON SPIES
WE WILL BE SHITTING DUCKS
"SAY... IT"?
MOM.


SIGGLE
SH.
CREE
EE
KLAK
KLAK
PSST
?
AYE?
SIGGLE
WHAT ARE WE DOING IN HERE?
YOKURIAN MERCENARIES HAVE BEEN USING THIS STABLE AS A SAFE HOUSE FOR CENTURIES
FLUMP
FLUMP
FLUMP


HERE INSIDE THE MANGER.
THE CATTLE TROUGH.
OH
THERE'S FOUR OF 'EM!
ONE ON EACH WALL!
CEREBUS'LL JUST SNOW BLANKETS OUT OF THE LOFT!
CREAK! CREAK!
I'M GOING TO SPEND THE FLICKERING LONGER
CREAK.
IF ANYONE ASKS I'LL TELL THEM YOU'VE GONE BACK TO SAINT-HILIS CREEK
AND I'M HEADING BACK DOWN SOUTH
CREAK.
CREAK.


I REALLY NEED TO HAVE A BATH
AND CHANGE MY YOU KNOW WHAT
BEFORE I MEET YOUR MOTHER
AND YOUR FATHER
SSSH! DON'T LOOK SO BERLEIS
THIS TIME TOMORROW NIGHT
WE'LL BE ALL SNUGGLED UP TOGETHER
UNDER ONE OF YOUR MOTHER'S INCH-THICK GUILTY COMFORTERS
HEH
MWAH
MWAH
MWAH
MMMMMMMMM
MWAH
HEH HEH HEH
AS SOON AS THE MOON RISES
KLKL
ERLE
ET
I'LL COME AND GET YOU
GOODBYE
!?!

YOU MEAN "GOOD NIGHT"?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID!
NAY!
YOU SAID..?? GOOD ▮▮!
HA-HAHA♪
NOW YOU'RE HEARING ▮▮ THINGS
I'LL SEE YOU AFTER THE MOON SETS
AHAH♪
CREE
EE EE KIAK
TUA TUMP TUMP TUMP TUMP
CRAK
LIMP
LIMP LIMP LIMP LIMP LIMP LIMP LIM LI

TO HAM & HAM NOT

continued from last issue

After the end of the Hemingways' safari, after their departure from Africa, even after the slow unfolding of Mary's Grace Kelly movie, I had continued to read *How It Was*, certain that the story, which, for me, had begun with the sound of Tembo "chewing and chewing" outside the tent, was not yet at an end. I had no idea what the conclusion to the lion-eating story might *be*, but I was equally certain that there was one and that Mary—somewhere up ahead and in her good and dutiful "who, what, where and when" fashion—would impart it to her readers. I was also confident that—as she related it—she would remain blithely ignorant both as to its significance and the degree to which it was at variance—extreme variance—to the story she *thought* she was telling.

It is perhaps relevant at this point to mention that (according to *True at First Light*) the night of Mary's "kill"—that is, between the two Ngomas when the drums had temporarily fallen silent—Hemingway had lain awake in their tent and had spent much of a sleepless night reflecting on F. Scott Fitzgerald's observation: "In a genuine dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock."

Or perhaps it *isn't* relevant—any more than it might or might not be relevant to point out that—while the Hemingways were recording for posterity in Mary's *Journal* the fact that "she always wanted to be a boy"—a new magazine was debuting on North American newsstands: *Playboy*.

Who is to say?

Page 553 - *How It Was,* page 513

"Back home at last, I went to a party..."

I substituted *Iestan* Ambassador for *British* Ambassador (to Cuba: at the time, evidently, a gentleman by the name of Adrian Holman). The journalist in question (having no real precedent for journalism in Estarcion, I really had to fudge this one), Edward Scott, was an expatriate New Zealander and columnist for the *Havana Post*. In reading this part of *How It Was,* the moment Mary mentioned Scott's nationality and that she was discussing Africa with him, I thought, "Okay. Here we go."

Here we go, indeed.

Remember that eating lion flesh is taboo, *haramu,* forbidden. Remember as well that, if Edward Scott is discussing Africa, he has probably been there, and if he has *been* there, it has been as a citizen of the British Commonwealth, with all that that implies. He is also a colonial: New Zealand (like Canada, like Australia, like Kenya at that time) being a British Colony. The nomenclature is what usually trips up Americans with their lack of knowledge of anything outside their own country. I can call myself a Canadian citizen, or I can call myself a citizen of the British Commonwealth (although our constitution was repatriated, Queen Elizabeth II is still, officially, the Canadian Head of State), or—in an ironical sense, usually in conversation with a Brit—I can refer to myself as a colonial. All three are technically true,

So what unfolds, while a disaster, comes as no great surprise. Had Hemingway been at the party, I doubt that he would've dared say anything about eating lion, which, reading between the lines (a practical necessity since the John F. Kennedy Library has no copies of Edward Scott's two *Havana Post* columns on the subject—glaringly significant in their absence, given Hemingway's compulsive pack rat nature) was Edward Scott's initial point: no gentleman or lady would eat lion meat. It is taboo because it is barbaric. Barbaric and indefensible. Had Hemingway attempted in Edward Scott's presence to defend eating lion meat, Scott would have had no recourse but to ask the typist to "step outside."

I'm getting ahead of myself.

Practically—however *unethically*—it was a mistake on Hemingway's part not to let Mary know the extent of the transgression in which they had both participated. But, then, I would guess that that would have spoiled the *fun* for Hemingway—who *lived,* in a very real sense, to transgress boundaries, ALL boundaries: societal, ethical, religious, sexual and, it would seem, very much for the mere *sake* of transgressing them. He wanted to and for the most part *did* live his life as if boundaries did not exist. To say to Mary, "Don't mention anything about us eating lion," would imply an *awareness* of boundaries, an awareness that was anathema to him. And with their mutual predisposition towards "taboo one-upmanship," it would have given Mary an advantage over him ("Why the hell not?"), establishing her as being more blithely disinterested in boundaries than himself. "More pagan than thou," if you will.

So Mary goes to the party and mentions to this Edward Scott fellow that she and her husband—who just happens to be Ernest Hemingway—ate lion while they were in Africa. To Edward Scott, a gentleman and a citizen of the British Commonwealth, she might just as well have said, "On my last visit to Minnesota, I started having sex with my brother." "Visibly shocked" doesn't half sum it up. Let me extend the analogy a little further:

"On my last visit to Minnesota, I started having sex with my brother."

"Barbaric. A barbaric thing to do."

"It's all right, he took a bath beforehand. We both did."

"Barbarous. I can't imagine a civilized person

having sex with a sibling."

"He was really quite good. I came three times."

"I can't imagine any Briton having sex with a sibling."

"My brother doesn't live in Britain. As I say, he lives in Minnesota."

Page 554 - How It Was, page 513

"I mean members of the British Commonwealth..."

It's difficult to extend the analogy, here. At one level, Mary is saying "All of our friends in *Minnesota* have sex with their brothers and sisters. But, of course, they're *Americans*." That is, what she is saying is patently offensive—but so patently offensive that, even if she had had the presence of mind to blame her barbaric behaviour on being an American...well, there are some things that transcend such national distinctions. And pretty clearly to anyone (civilized or not) with firsthand experience in Africa—everyone, that is, *besides* Ernest Hemingway—eating lion is just such a taboo. So, she makes a far *worse* error in judgement by lying and saying that "our friends in Kenya ate it." Which is *patently untrue. By her own admission in* How It Was (pg. 439): "In Kenya neither the natives nor the whites ate lion..." and Edward Scott would know that. Mary is really skating on thin ice at this point, blatantly impugning the basic civilizational integrity of British subjects and—what is worse—doubtless doing it in a "cocktail party chatter" tone of voice (at least I *hope* in a "cocktail party chatter" tone of voice. If she was so imbecilic as to say these things in an *icy* tone...well, words *do* fail me).

Then comes the *coup de grâce,* and even Mary—at some level or another—is aware that she has crossed a line and is—*seriously, dramatically*—in the wrong. It might be entirely unconscious (rather like Mary herself), but it is at least certain that, in documenting the incident, she can't bring herself to recount fully *what* she said to Edward Scott at that point. Let's take a look (*How It Was,* page 513):

"You know what they say: that colonies import material things from the Mother countries and physical habits but only the cruder mores and baser philosophies." (I don't care how illiterate she is; that is *not* a complete sentence).

Whatever way she actually *ended* the thought—"...get exported"?—in addressing a British subject and a colonial, she might have less offensively dumped her drink over his head and stuffed a used tampon down his pants.

And then. And THEN!

She just walks away.

What. A. Mind. Boggling. Gender.

"I thought it was a joke but Mr. Scott looked about to explode."

It is only a woman, only a member of the female gender, who could possibly imagine that this would be the end of it.

"A few days later, in print, Mr. Scott expressed dismay..."

The first of Edward Scott's columns in the *Havana Post* on the subject of the Hemingways' culinary transgression and Mary's insulting of citizens of the British Commonwealth.

Of the four alliterative adjectives she uses here, the only one which would apply to the situation would be "disapproval" (to say the least). The other three only demonstrate the degree to which she is "off her leash" and thinks herself way, way, WAY above her place.

"...or perhaps it was both."

I think it is precisely this female trait which most exacerbated an already volatile situation. Not only has Mary transgressed an accepted boundary of civilized behaviour, she gives no evidence of possessing even the vaguest interest in being made aware of the issues at stake, the transgression and the boundary involved.

That is, not only is she miles away from expressing *contrition* for having committed the transgression, she is still further miles away from acknowledging that she *has* transgressed a boundary and is still *further* miles away from acknowledging that those boundaries *ought not* to *be* transgressed—by *anyone.*

I see Edward Scott's point.

It is not just eating lion meat *per se.* That's bad enough. The larger offence is the compounding of the initial transgression (eating lion meat, then *defending* eating lion meat, then *lying about others* eating lion meat, then *refusing to apologize* for eating lion meat, then *refusing to apologize for lying about others* eating lion meat, and *then* refusing to acknowledge that lion meat *ought not* to be eaten). This compounding of the initial transgression—to me and, I suspect, to Edward Scott—crosses an exponentially more significant societal boundary in the civilizational quandary it presented to him. What is at issue is not what *might* or *might not* represent a move *closer to* or *further away from* a perceived precipice where civilization *might* or *might not* begin a slow or rapid descent into the bestial...

(It is *not,* as an example, an area where *some* choose liberalism, *some* choose socialism, *some* choose conservatism and *some* choose not to choose).

...No. What is at issue is the more civilizationally critical dilemma of whether one can, in good conscience, "stand idly by" while two "loose societal screws" choose—purely, wilfully and solely on the basis of their own perverse idiosyncratic initiative—to *hurl themselves over* a universally regarded (universally regarded, that is, by *all save* the "loose societal screws") civilizational precipice...and *brag* about it later.

To Edward Scott, as a gentleman and as a citizen of the British Commonwealth, "standing idly by" was not a viable option. To do so would be to make himself a party to the transgression itself, duplicitous if not complicitous in turning a blind eye to a breach in the civilizational barricade. As a civilized gentleman he recognized that—in dealing with the demonstrably and unrepentantly uncivilized, where their behaviours encroach upon civilization and where reason and lucid discus-

sion prove insufficient to dissuade them from those behaviours and defence of those behaviours—it becomes necessary only as a last resort to apply brute force as a corrective measure (in proportion and in the civilizationally prescribed fashion): "I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to step outside."

And here, it seems to me, Edward Scott became one of the first men to run afoul of the Civilizational Paradox posed by feminism, gender interchangeability or whatever you want to call that nebulous malignancy in 1954 or 2000 or 2150. *Clearly,* Mary was being demonstrably and unrepentantly uncivilized. *Clearly,* the point had been reached where brute force was the last resort. And, *clearly,* Edward Scott as a civilized gentleman was prohibited—by virtue of being a civilized gentleman—from striking a woman, no matter how many layers (and *many were* the layers) of indefensible provocation to which she was subjecting him.

(Parenthetically, it seems to me that this mirrors the unhappy circumstance in which we, as a society, have—so far, at least—taken up permanent residence, as the unfairer sex seeks out ever newer, ever higher and ever more provocative civilizational precipices over which to hurl themselves in their ongoing effort to erode all things civilizational into all things bestial, the distillation of their intellectual defence of these efforts amounting, as well, to: a) it tastes good, b) other women are doing it and c) so what? Presumably this ugly state of affairs will only accelerate until all gentlemen are forced to choose between chivalry and civilization. My choice, of course, is the latter. Let the chips—and the women—fall where they may. I think it ethically, morally and spiritually indefensible to choose chivalry over civilization.)

What with Hemingway's musings about F. Scott Fitzgerald in the immediate aftermath of the killing of "Mary's" lion (and the extent to which he had assisted in the destruction of his former mentor at every opportunity), I found irresistible the temptation to portray Edward Scott as the spitting image of F. Stop Kennedy, his distinctive profile shaded from view as he engages Mary Ernestway in a conversation which would, in good poetic fashion, lead ultimately to the destruction of her husband, Ham. I have no idea if Edward Scott resembled F. Scott Fitzgerald even fractionally—but it would surprise me more if he *didn't* than if he *did.*

Page 555 - *"'Childish.' and 'Tempest in a thimble.'"*

Another female trait. If they *say* something is "childish" or a "tempest in a thimble" (a *thimble,* mind you, not even a *teapot*), then the "saying makes it so". Of course, so quaint a female shibboleth—the verbal equivalent of "crossing your fingers" or "knocking on wood"—proves less than effective when moved out of the kitchen and put to the more arduous task of warding off repercussions from having effected a breach in the barricade between civilization and the bestial from the bestial side of things.

Whether on his own initiative, at Mary's insistence or in spite of her ostensible indifference, Hemingway wades into the fray with a letter dated July 24, 1954. Thanks to the John F. Kennedy Library for the following rough draft of the letter (handwritten additions emphasized):

Dear Ed: [Scott]

I am sorry you and Mary had words on the edibility of lion.

For your information the tenderloin is very good eating. The meat is rather the texture of veal and I wish we were going to have it for lunch.

Hemingway makes the same mistake Mary had. "Her brother took a bath beforehand and she tells me that she had three orgasms."

Everyone who tried it enjoyed it. The first time we ate lion several people were reluctant to try. But when they smelled how appetizing it was and tried the clean, white fine textured meat breaded and browned, it was as popular as any meat.

Since only *he and Mary* ate lion, this is a complete fabrication and to Edward Scott must've really added insult to injury: asking that he believe that it only required *Hemingway* to *take the lead* for native and white Kenyans to suddenly find lion to be "lip-smacking good."

All the big predators are good eating. Both grizzly and black bear are excellent meat, rather like pork, but you tire of them because of the rich fat. Puma is good eating and you must know how good racoon, which has a very mixed diet, is. Pork is good to eat and you know what a boar will eat.

I know that people eat rattle-snake and that it is tinned. I cannot eat it because my stomach is repelled by the idea. But if you have eaten bear meat literally hundreds of times [!] *any carniverous* [sic] *animal, as such, does not repel you.*

Almost the only animal that is worthless for eating in Africa is the very handsome water buck [sic]. *They are clean feeders but the meat is stringy and strong tasting. Zebra is excellent eating. Eland is probably the best meat followed by Impalla* [sic] *and Thompson's gazelle. But Gerenuk is very good. None of these, however, are pleasanter nor better flavoured meat than lion.* I know. I ate it from [sic] more than 20 years.

I think it worth nothing that, in *How It Was,* Mary describes Hemingway's above letter as "an instructive little essay on the edibility of wild animals, both African and North American."

"Instructive."

Unbelievable.

To say that I don't picture Edward Scott heaving a sigh of relief at this point would be a drastic under-statement. It's hard to tell if Hemingway has just chosen to "brazen it out." Leaving aside his singular notions that the nature of the taboo has something to do with the *diet* of the animal in question, at one level or another he *has*

to be aware that the issue is *not* the "edibility of lion" but the more serious issue of whether you are a civilized individual or not and, if you have chosen *not* to be and have chosen for your *wife* not to be, that you at least have a sufficient residue of civilized qualities to *not* drag people who *have* chosen to be civilized into your *own* degraded state.

It could be that Hemingway had so far retreated, mentally, into befogged delusions and self-imposed brain damage that he was only *tangentially* aware of what was under discussion and the interrelationship of the elements which composed that discussion:

You know that Mary having spent five months in the bush might have been annoyed at you not taking her word as to what was edible. I know that I looked with very little favor on your attempting to make her appear to speak badly of all of our friends in Kenya and other Colonies because she hurt your feelings. My own son Patrick is a settler in Tanganyika.

Well, this is completely ass-backwards. It is *Mary* who was speaking badly of their friends in Kenya by implying that they would eat lion, which, by her own admission, they—scrupulously—do *not*.

We were both very touched about how kind you were in the things you wrote when we had the plane trouble. We were both, too, surprized [sic] *not to see you when we arrived. I could not very well be expected to send engraved invitations to a decoration ceremony at the Club Nautico Internacional nor the boat.*

As with many of his letters after January of 1954, there comes a point midway through where even the semblance of sequential thought is abandoned. Hemingway seems to be implying that Scott has written his column as revenge for not being invited to the ceremony where EH was awarded the Order of Carlos Manuel de Cespedes—Cuba's highest civilian award—three days before.

I have to tell you privately that Mary had the impression that you were behaving very oddly at the party. She said that when she was trying to talk to you you kept shouting at people over her head and that she could not figure out what was the matter with you. Maybe you were potted as we all have been. Maybe not.

Hardly the appropriate response when someone is accusing you of behaving in an uncivilized fashion and permitting your wife to behave in a likewise uncivilized fashion. It is, however, obviously more comfortable territory for Hemingway (who never really gets back to the issue at hand), and he completes the letter in a series of irrelevant tangents and digressions.

The piece, it is my duty to tell you, read quite screwy. In the first place I do not fight at Diplomatic parties no matter what the provocation. I dislike very much being pulled in on a controversy at which I was not present. But don't write columns about what you would have done to me if *I had been present and* if *I had said something that I did not say. That is very many ifs.*

To me, Hemingway is sidestepping the issue here very unsuccessfully. The only possible position to which he can retrench would be "I'm sorry Mary said that any Kenyans ate lion with us. We were the only ones. I don't see anything wrong with what we did, but I admit that we were the only ones who did it." I'm not sure that it would've gotten him "off the hook" after Mary's indefensible provocation at the party, but, as I say, I think it was the only position to which he could retreat even theoretically. Instead:

Ed try to act your age or the best part of it. I can't help you get rid of what you have on your conscience. Nor can I ever thank you adequately for fine and undeserved things you wrote about Mary and me when you thought we were dead. I was truly very touched.

You can't ever pick a fight with me and the screwier you get the less chance you have. This is on acct. of what you wrote when we were supposed dead.

You've held lots of fine jobs and you've been around plenty and for a long time. You can't have always lost out by bad luck alone. I think the lion meat column was an error of taste. This is a private letter to you as a private person and no part of it is to be published unless you want to use the part about the edibility of the carnivorae. But for your own personal information get this Ed.

Mary went to that party because she had accepted the invitation. She was trying to be gay, brave and jolly no matter how she felt in her heart. She was plenty beat-up [sic] *in the two crashes. You burn in one and see how soothing it is for the nerves* (especially when you've been down bad before). *Then she had to nurse me with a busted back* [sic], *one kidney smashed etc. Then the last ten days she had been in Gulfport shutting up her families* [sic] *home and putting her father who is dying the hard way in a nursing home.* Soon she will have to go back. *She might owe you an apology for calling you a Colonial (which is no insult God knows) or a BF Colonial or a whatever. We move in a fairly rough talking league But you had no business writing that screwy column about something that happened at a private party at which the newspapers announced I was present.* That's not the way they play cricket anywhere.

Yours always,
Ernest Hemingway

"Yours always"?

I would be inclined to say that only a woman, only a member of the female gender, could imagine that *that* would be the end of it, but I guess I'll have to include Hemingway in that category since, clearly, he believes that this is the end of it.

"Still later, Mr. Scott returned to his disenchantments in print..."

I'm assuming, rightly or wrongly, that Edward Scott was concerned about two things: the threat to civilization if it became common practice to commit taboo acts at one's own discretion or, more accurately, lack of discretion and, two, the inference he had drawn that Mary Hemingway was saying that British subjects had participated in committing just such a taboo act: eating lion. Clearly, he wrote a column demanding some sort of accountability on both scores. Clearly, he didn't get it from the letter Hemingway wrote him. So, he repeated his concerns and his demand for an accounting and (just a guess, but I think it's a safe bet) implied that he would have satisfaction in print or in the form of fisticuffs. Far from a "miracle of reversals," Edward Scott is simply reiterating his own position and backing it up with his willingness to settle it man to man. He can't challenge Mary to a fight—she's a woman. Not a lady, but, at the very least, a woman. He also knows that a woman isn't likely to have come up with the idea of eating lion on her own, and he has (pretty astutely) determined who the actual culprit is.

Anyway, whatever it was that Edward Scott wrote in his second column on eating lion meat, it certainly provoked a reaction—albeit a not-very-masculine and (definitely) a not-at-all-honourable one:

20/8/54

Dear Mr. [Edward] Scott: For the second time in a month you have written dirtily, snidely and insultingly about my wife. She was rude to you when you were drunk and like all people with an inferiority complex, and also, in your case, a very bad conscience and access to news-print [sic] *you rushed your wounded feelings into print.*

The first time was not so bad. It showed principally your ignorance and the fact that you were no gentleman. You of course know this and no one should have to point it out but you shouldn't cry about it so much in print.

You have had to leave every town you have ever worked in and naturally you will have to leave this one sooner or later. I hate to see you go as I enjoy reading you when you are not brown-nosing nor playing the wounded gentleman. But there is always some tramp newspaper man comes along like you who will take your place.

When I say you are no gentleman I do not refer to your country of origin. I have known many fine New Zealand gentlemen. One of them was Tom Heeney who was a good heavyweight fighter and a contender for the Championship of the World when you were a punchy ex-lightweight. Now from your writing you are still punchy and from your appearance you [sic] *a double P. That is you are punchy and paunchy.*

I have never had a row with, been rude to, or hit a newspaper man in my life. You have been around long enough, and many feel too long, to not know that to keep out of trouble people do not hit newspaper men nor shoot cops. If I sock you it puts you on the front page and then I have to damage you sufficiently so there is no doubt how everything came out before you get into print with your version. As it is I cannot afford to cool you.

It was a shame you crashed that party where my wife was quite justifiably rude to you. I know that you were invited as a member of the working press. That is a most honorable body of which I was a member for twenty- five years. But on the outskirts of that body there are always some false working press you know who work as black-mailers, informers and stool pigeons. I have never heard of you doing any black-mailing but I understand, from others who are well informed that you are bothered by an uneasy conscience.

Now my dear Scott, gentleman or not, I must advise you that if you want to make a name for yourself, finally, and not re-read your yellowing clippings this is the best time of your life to get a decision over me. You'll be able to get a job anywhere. All my good friends in the newspaper business will write you up as you deserve. At the present time I have one smashed vertebrae [sic] *the 12th, (you see I am giving you co-ordinates although you couldn't read a co-ordinate) the flange of which projects into the muscle. Two others are pressed quite tightly together and hamper my movements somewhat.*

If you are going to give people pokes in the mouth, as you have now written twice, I suggest you buy a child's baseball bat and saw it off so you can handle it comfortably. Then when I am in the Floridita bar and not looking you can swing your bat on the 12th or practically any other of the vertebrae. After that you might hit me a few more times over the head with that bat and then bring your pudgy paw into play.

I won't guaranty [sic] not to take the bat away from you and insert it in whichever end your amorous tastes prefer. But that may just be hearsay. Be sure to wear your pink shirt so that I can identify you.

I understand you got very mysteriously beaten up a year or so ago. At the time I sent you condolences. Now I know better.

If I had to pick the wrong way to respond to someone like Edward Scott this would definitely be it. Not having the second column to refer to and being, I think, justifiably loath to take Mary's word for anything, I'm not sure when the "let's step outside" turned into an actual duel.

continued next issue